

The **Commonweal**

October 10, 1947

THE LIBRARY
ST. CHARLES SEMINARY
CARTHAGENA, OHIO

The Partition of Palestine

A Poem by Thomas Merton

Power to Feed

Art in England Since the War

Lewis Does It Again

VOLUME XLVI

15c

NUMBER 26

MOSTLY FICTION

We are still surprised to find ourselves with four novels on our list this fall: **VIPERS' TANGLE** by **Francois Mauriac** (\$3.00) just out, **THE WOMAN WHO WAS POOR** by **Leon Bloy** (\$3.00) just coming, both in their first American editions, and both, we think, great novels. And we do mean great.

Caryll Houselander's THE DRY WOOD (\$3.00) is her first novel, and a honey. The idea of a novel by her surprised us as much as it may surprise anyone else who knows her excellent spiritual books, but on reading it you will only wonder, as we did, that she has kept such a talent buried for so long. **FISHERS OF MEN** by **Maxence van der Meersch** (\$3.00) is a novel about the J.O.C. in France just before the war, and as grim a story as we ever read. The author, himself a Jocist leader, shows only too plainly what they were up against, where they succeeded and where they failed. These last two novels will be published in two weeks' time, but you can of course order them now.

During the war **Catherine de Hueck** received an assignment from one of the members of the Hierarchy: to find out what the youth of America, working or enrolled in the armed forces, thought about God, the Church, and Churches in general. She experimented with living as the poorest live, working as a waitress, and as a factory hand. This book **DEAR BISHOP** (\$1.75) grew out of her experiences: Katzy, the writer of the letters of which the book is made up, is not any one real person, but everything else in the book is only too real.

In our last Commonweal ad we told you that **Hugh Kenner**, author of **PARADOX IN CHES- TERTON** (\$2.00) had studied at the Medieval Institute in Toronto. This brought us an indignant letter from Mr. Kenner who says he did no such thing, it was the University of Toronto he studied at, and graduated from. It's a pity whenever we try to give interesting information about our authors we invariably get it wrong. Anyhow, it's a good book, and a review of it appears in the new Trumpet which is just coming out—let us know if you don't get your copy.

Order books from your bookstore or from us

SHEED & WARD

63 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK 3

THE ASSOCIATED NEWMAN CLUB ALUMNI OF NEW YORK

A Catholic Club for College Graduates

presents

J. L. BENVENISTI

Internationally Recognized Authority in Political Science

on

"AN EVALUATION OF BRITAIN'S SOCIALISTIC NEW DEAL"

First Appearance in New York

* * * * *

Tuesday, October 14

at 8 p.m.

Holy Innocents Auditorium

130 West 37th Street (West of Broadway)
New York City

Non-Member Guests Invited

No Admission Charge

"A Catholic Looks at the Industrial World"

THE BARCLAY STREET INSTITUTE

presents

The Reverend Thomas J. Darby
Chaplain, ACTU

Six Special Lectures on Labor Problems of

TODAY

Discussed in the Light of the Popes' Social Encyclicals

Tuesday Evenings at 5:30
October 14, 21, 28
November 18 and 25
December 2

St. Peter's Lower Church
Barclay Street, New York
EVERYONE WELCOME

ANNHURST COLLEGE

R. F. D. 2, Putnam, Connecticut

Accredited College, Conducted by the
Sisters of the Holy Ghost

Liberal Arts, Music, Natural and Social Sciences, Pre-Medical,
Teacher Training, Preparation for Social Service, Secretarial,
Address: THE DEAN.

Readers in Metropolitan New York:

Each Monday, 7:15 to 7:30 p.m.

An editor of THE COMMONWEAL speaks over

WFUV

Fordham University's New FM Station
90.1 Megacycles — Channel 211

The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLVI

October 10, 1947

NUMBER 26

THE WEEK	611
NATURAL HISTORY (Verse) Thomas Merton	614
POWER TO FEED James Rorty	615
THE VOYAGER (Verse) John W. Simons	617
ART IN ENGLAND SINCE THE WAR Nicolette Gray	617
COMMUNICATIONS	
<i>The Negro's Friends—Hitler's End—French Catholics and Communism—Food Parcels</i>	
THE STAGE Kappo Phelan	622
THE SCREEN Philip T. Hartung	623
MY FAVORITE PROFESSOR Jonathan Titelescu Fogarty	624
THE LABOR MOVEMENT John C. Cort	625
BOOKS OF THE WEEK	626
<i>Operation Victory—You're the Boss—The Walls Came Tumbling Down—Way of Life—The Bright Promise—The Saving Grace</i>	

THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924 with Michael Williams as President and Editor.

Published weekly and copyrighted 1947 in the U.S.A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. U.S. and Canada \$6 a year, Foreign \$7. Single copies 15c

EDWARD S. SKILLIN, Editor

PHILIP BURNHAM, Executive Editor

C. G. PAULDING, Managing Editor

Associate Editors

John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Gregory Smith

Kappo Phelan, Theater Philip T. Hartung, Cinema

Corresponding Editor

Harry Lorin Binsse

Advertising Manager

John Brubaker

Eat for Some Purpose

THE ECONOMIC description of inflation is much too complicated to enter practically into the American politics of slogans. Currently, we mean that food is terribly expensive. That is item one.

Item two is the deceptive, over-simplifying, sloganeering type of reaction that's been stewing for several weeks now—"political" and mostly mean and removed from effort to think and understand—to Senator Taft's remark about "voluntary reduction of consumption . . . We should eat less. . . ."

We want to get a third item in before going any farther, which is that Europeans and other non-Americans have so little food that they tend to hunger now and to starve this winter. They have much less food than Americans do—overall, person to person, statistically, actually, and all across the board, class by class, grocery store by grocery store, family by family, man by man, woman by woman, child by child.

It would be "a good thing" if there were more food abroad and cheaper food at home.

Has "voluntary reduction of consumption" got anything to do with it?

Our answer is yes, directly and indirectly. It is doubtless highly complex, but kicking the political and class war football around doesn't help to clarify the proposition.

The most direct effect could probably be produced by people who have greater than subsistence income, and who could deliberately save on their more or less superabundant food purchases (as well as on other expenditures) and then buy packages for shipment abroad. Those people are not few in America this year.

Anyone who has seen the gleanings and conserving and stretching of food supplies in a hungry country, and who has observed the carelessness and wastefulness of American food handling from field to family or restaurant garbage can, knows that consumption, or rather expenditure, of the calories and vitamins and minerals can be economized shockingly by civilized voluntary effort.

The world food problem, and the US inflation problem are both excessively wide problems, each one with a lot of different angles which can be attacked selectively, piecemeal.

Some kinds of food are more practical and useful to ship in the vast quantities needed abroad than others. Wheat is really the big thing. It is not only general, over-all "reduction of consumption" that can help, but reduction of the domestic consumption of wheat and of other specific items most fit for quick and distant shipment. We might change (and educate) our food habits.

In the problem of inflation this applies to all commodities. One of the great and true criticisms of the present economic civilization is that resources, enterprise and expenditure are whipped away from the fundamentals of quality food, shelter and clothing to goods and services which are far, far less useful (if we may be ironic) in producing a decent life. You could pay a little more for good food if you saved on that intensively advertised and notoriously costly package of aspirin.

This is nothing new to have publicly observed. They teach it to high school girls in "Home Economics." Many various branches of the state and federal governments publish pamphlets about it. The cooperative movement tries to dramatize and do something about it. The *Catholic Worker* teaches it to break your heart. The Gospels proclaim it. If it finally shocks us to hear that things would be better if we voluntarily reduced our consumption of, and desire to consume, a variety of material products, that would be a surprising but most felicitous event.

We might find—so a good argument runs, which we can't lengthen out here—a more direct

and effective method of governing our way of life—personal, social, economic, political—than the votes and ballots of our enormous and remote political system any longer offer. We could shift materials, energies, time to the production and spreading of things like food, away from the honky tonk furnishings, sordid or luxurious, that keep the market and the price structure and the scenery what in sad fact they are.

Anyway, there is no use fooling ourselves. In order to ship food abroad where it's needed worse than here, and in order not to throw away the last dime we can borrow on the future, we have to save on our own food this year and next year. And we'll do a lot better to save as much as possible on other things and go relatively much farther out on getting food for the future. If we don't decide voluntarily, just how is it to be decided?

"A Certain Amount of Indignity"

ATTACKS on the log jam occasioned by Mr. Denham's strict interpretation of the anti-Communist proviso of the Taft-Hartley Act are beginning to come from several quarters. One of the most important is the National Labor Relations Board itself, a majority of whose five members are already said to be opposed to the Denham interpretation. Then there are jabs from certain companies and labor leaders. It had been at first believed that, although unions which had not met all the new requirements could not qualify for NLRB hearings, employers could have recourse to the Board at any time. But it has been found that employers cannot call for a vote as to which union will negotiate with them if the AFL or CIO are involved, since affiliates of neither national labor group can appear on the ballot. Compliance on the part of labor unions has been very sparse. But the other day a regional co-director of the United Auto Workers pointed out that unions would lose a lot if they were to be permanently deprived of NLRB ministrations. Despite the "certain amount of indignity" involved in filing under the new dispensation, he would recommend compliance.

How much the Act's provision against Communist leadership of unions and Mr. Denham's interpretation thereof have furthered what they were designed to prevent is not entirely clear. The Communists have sought to capitalize on the natural resentment of interference in union matters on the part of the active rank and file by assuming martyrish postures. That has undoubtedly slowed the trend against them. AFL sentiments are increasingly anti-Communist. In the CIO, Party members are still firmly in the saddle in the United Electrical Workers, but they have lost their hold of the state CIO in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio recently. In the National Maritime Union

and to a lesser extent with the Auto Workers it is still touch and go.

Be that as it may, something will have to give somewhere. If the NLRB, the unions and management will all give a little ground in this matter, a well-tried procedure for handling industrial disputes can be resumed. That need not preclude revisions of Taft-Hartley in due course.

St. Louis Hits Segregation

AT THE BEGINNING of the St. Louis school year several weeks ago, we noticed the hubub raised in that city over the entry into the Catholic parochial and high schools of a few hundred Negro children. A group of Catholics were objecting strongly, and with great publicity, to this anti-segregating development.

Since then, Archbishop Ritter published a letter to the clergy and laity which was reproduced with long articles by all the St. Louis papers, and it is one of those letters which are both unhappy and happy to read and consider.

It has come to our attention that a small group of individuals have signified their purpose of taking civil action to restrain us from carrying out a policy which we consider our right and duty as chief pastor of the faithful of this Archdiocese, regardless of race or nationality.

We realize that many of these good people are being gravely misled. Consequently, we take this occasion to remind them of their filial obligation as Catholics to cooperate with their Bishop and Clergy and their fellow Catholics in issues which are fundamental in our holy Catholic Faith, namely, not only the equality of every soul before Almighty God, but also obedience to ecclesiastical authority.

Then the objectors were warned of automatic excommunication if they should press their suit before an authority outside the Church.

There is practically no doubt that the immediate issue is settled: the Catholic schools in St. Louis will this year and from now on accept both White and Colored pupils together, without any practice of segregation, nor special schools for Negroes. It is happy that this thing has been accomplished, because it is not a small thing. It is unhappy that bringing on this development has proved to be so large a thing.

Big Let-Down

THE DRIVE for a special session of Congress to supply the additional aid needed to tide over western Europe fizzled out with the President's announcement that he would merely ask the various committees to get together when they could. Everyone felt let down. The news men who had expected an announcement of immediate action, the editors of the nation's press and Americans generally who had been looking to Washington for leadership. The hard-pressed European democrats most of all. For everything is in the balance. Austrian, French, Italian and other national treasuries will be exhausted by December; the Marshall Plan may now not even have a

chance to get started. The present strikes and demonstrations in Italy provide an unmistakable clue to what threatens in several western European lands. And if all Europe goes Communist . . .

Why has Mr. Truman failed to take the steps which the situation so patently requires? Perhaps he really believes that most of us prefer the hazards of American inaction to the infinitely lesser risks involved in at least meeting crises when they arise. If so, he is ill-advised. And enough mail might convince him otherwise.

Partition

THE PAPERS have printed the map showing the partition of Palestine as proposed by the commission set up by the United Nations, and now the United Nations must decide whether or not that is the map we are going to see in the school books. When you look at the map it is very complicated; it is not like when they drew squares in the land-grant states; the map of Palestine does not look like the map of Kansas or Nebraska. There were Indians in the West when they drew the squares on the map; they just pushed the Indians out. But when you make a Jewish state in Palestine there are the Arabs (indigenous) and you could push those Arabs out if the United Nations sent an army, but there are other Arabs elsewhere, particularly where also there are oil wells, and so no one is very anxious to push the Arabs out of Palestine. Consequently the map showing an Arab state in Palestine, side by side with a Jewish state, tries to make everyone happy, the Arabs and the Jews—and provision is made also for the holy places so that the Christians will be happy too. The map is accompanied by enormous volumes of text explaining why Arabs, Jews and Christian can be happy and able to live as neighbors in peace. The text does not explain how the Christians can be happy together, and pray together, and stop fighting each other in the holy places, because that would sound like Voltaire.

The Jews, through their spokesmen, have accepted the map and the text; the Christians, officially and unofficially, have said, as Christians, nothing at all; the Arabs have rejected the map and the text and have promised that they will drench "the soil of our beloved country with the last drop of our blood in the lawful defense of all and every inch of it."

The American Delegation to the United Nations is terribly worried about the Jews, the Arabs, the Russians, and about the possibility that partition will make the Arabs fond of the Russians, and also about the oil, and so the American Delegation has said only that it is going to think about this matter very seriously, and that it is going to give it grave consideration, and that

some time no doubt it will have to say yes or no during the Assembly debate on a question of procedure, and that some time, when there is not a single question of procedure left to argue about with Mr. Gromyko, it may be compelled to say yes, America accepts partition, with all its risks, or no, America rejects partition, and will somebody propose something else.

We are in trouble. We really are in trouble. Because up till now there has always been Great Britain, but now Great Britain says no, we are getting out of Palestine now, we have been in trouble long enough, we are getting out of trouble—not all trouble, but the Palestine trouble at least, the Jewish trouble. Up till now President Truman has been able to give the British whatever advice he thought desirable; he has been able to say whatever he thought would please the less rabid supporters in this country of the Jewish state. He has been able to leave it to George (VI). Up till now Mr. Ben Hecht has been able to rejoice in the death of every British soldier murdered by misguided fanatics whom he helped incite and arm. Up till now perfectly decent Americans have wondered why the British would not let all the Jews enter Palestine who wanted to go there, and they have wondered also why it is that the British have been in so many foreign countries all over the world and would not people be happier if the British went home.

But now the British are leaving Palestine, and all the advice we have been giving them, together with the vilification, we now will have to give ourselves, and all the wondering as to why the British have been in Palestine, will now have to be wondering about whether we will have to be there ourselves—or the United Nations—or whether no one has to be there except the Jews and the Arabs, and whether if they are there all alone together the latter will not massacre the former.

Because it has not entirely escaped notice that the British, who are now withdrawing from Palestine, withdrew recently from India. They did so after all liberal opinion in America had urged them to go. They did so after everyone who hated Britain had urged them to go. Unanimously applauded, they left. And now it is the Indian land which is "drenched with blood."

That is the trouble with partition, and the maps and the texts that explain how wise and just any given partition may be. Some times partition goes wrong after it has left the planning stage. All depends on whether the people who live in the country that is being partitioned have strong emotions or not.

The other trouble with partition is that sometimes there does not seem to be any other solution. The Arab proposal of an Arab Palestinian state, which would guarantee all minority rights, is admirable, except that it obviously does not

propose to guarantee the right of unlimited Jewish immigration into Palestine. Since the right to set their own immigration quota is what the Jews most insistently demand, the Arab plan is unworkable. The UN commission's minority plan for a Jewish state, federated with an Arab state, is rejected by the Arabs as well as by the Jews. There remains only partition.

The Jewish community in Palestine already has been immensely favored over the Arabs. The British have given it physical safety; money and machinery have been sent it from abroad. It will be very difficult for the Arabs in Palestine to accept its existence as an independent state—should any open conflict arise, the Jews are lost. It follows that whatever state is granted to the Jews will have to be protected by the power creating it.

That power can only be the United Nations. So that the decision before the Assembly involves far more than the question of creating a Jewish

state; it means that this state must not constitute a threat or, by its existence, be harmful to the Arab population of Palestine which outnumbers the Jewish population two to one; it means that the advantages given the Jews must be given equally to the Arabs; it means the necessity of an economic plan for all Palestine, Jewish and Arab; it means creating an interdependence between all who live in the Holy Land. If partition and the creating of a Jewish state does not imply, and does not actually provide, guarantees of justice for all, then we had better ask the British to change their minds and stay in Palestine, and leave the Jews without a state. Because the United Nations which will have to enforce partition, and keep order, must not accept the task, unless both Arabs and Jews believe—because they will be able to see for themselves—that it is justice and not injustice that the United Nations are bringing to Palestine.

C. G. PAULDING.

Natural History

There is a gray wall, in places overhung
With the abundant surf of honeysuckle:
It is a place of shelter, full of sun.

And there, in the middle of September, in the vintner's
workdays

When the skies begin to change
And throw away the heats and steams of summer,

And the wide air is loud with blue,
The creeping things, in the wise diligence of an ascetic
season,

Have worked their small, momentous wonder,
And all prepared their winter sleep.

O Savior! How we learn Your mercy and Your
Providence,
Seeing these creatures in their tiny and tremendous labor:
Each one diligent and alone,
Furling and arming himself in a gray case, the color of
the wall!

Who told these six or seven creepers how to hasten to
this place, this safety,

This warm home-haven, better than a Riviera,
And to these stones that will, all winter, never know
the wind?

Or who has brought them here together,
With no time-table and no calendar,
Just on this particular day?

Measure the quality of the obedience
With which their natures hear Your thought and come,
Each worm hastening as best he can,
To die here, in this patch of sun!

Leaving all leaves and grasses and the smaller flowers
And all their haunts unseen and summer pastures,

They do not stay to study Your command,
(Your mystery!)

That this, the only thing they know, must cease,
And they must seal themselves in silence and in sleep.
See with what zeal they wrestle off their ancient
tawny life

And fight with all their might to end their private
histories,

And lock their days in the cocoon!

Walk we, and ponder on this miracle
And on the way Your creatures love Your will,
While we, with all our minds and light, how slow,
Hard-hearted in our slothfulness, and stubborn as the
coldest stone!

It was Your Saint Theresa struck the deeps
Of this astounding parable—
For all creation teaches us some way of prayer.

Here on the Trappist wall, beside the cemetery,
Two figures:—death and heaven, and the night of con-
templation—

Write themselves out before us in the easy sun,
Where everything that moves is full of mystical theology,
And we can learn such ways to God from creeping things,
And sanctity from a black-and-russet worm!

How we are taught to wrest our way
Out of the vesture of our ancient lives,
And kill the old tenacious Adam in us,
That we may die and sleep in the transforming Christ!

Run we, then, with like alacrity to our far sweeter
Figurative death,
When we at least have faith and Scripture telling us
The meaning of our metamorphosis!

THOMAS MERTON.

Power to Feed

JAMES RORTY

TWICE during this century the farmers of America have been exhorted to win a world war with food, and twice they have done just that, in large measure. Each time, when the war was over there was still the peace to win, and American food was asked to win that too.

Last time the plough-up of our semi-arid high plains reached its peak in 1919, two years after World War I ended. This year, two years after victory, the plough-up is again reaching its peak and Secretary of Agriculture Anderson has warned that the consequent dust bowl and blow-off may again spread throughout the plains country.

What we did, during and after both wars, was to mine our soils and literally give Europe of our substance. Twice, with a kind of fated masochism we tore great pieces of living tissue out of the body of the American land and shipped them out of the country. *And with every shipload we reduced by that much our capacity either to fight another war, or to feed our friends and so build the peace that will outlaw war.*

The United States will remain a great industrial nation only so long as it is also a great agricultural nation, and it cannot long remain a great agricultural nation if we continue to take more minerals out of our soils than we are putting back in. Unless we can adopt, at last and quickly, an intelligent and farsighted agricultural policy—a policy based on something more fundamental than the manipulation of price supports—we may find ourselves not only unable to feed the world, but in the end unable adequately to feed ourselves.

The first requirement of such a policy is to break, or greatly expand, two critical bottlenecks, one being our present utterly inadequate production of mineral fertilizers, and the other the education of the market. If we are to balance current soil losses with fertilizer replacements and accomplish urgently needed shifts in land use, we shall have to produce and apply to our soils several times as much phosphate as we are now using, plus greatly increased quantities of potash in some areas. But to get these things done, we must convince thousands of farmers that it is necessary and profitable to do them, both to protect and build their soil capital and to improve the efficiency of their farm systems.

Three years ago the growing awareness of these problems among farm leaders found expression in the National Soil Fertility Bill, sponsored by the American Farm Bureau Federation. In its major provisions the bill strikes directly at both the production and market bottlenecks.

First, it would expand the experimental fertilizer program of the TVA and would insure further expansion by extending credit to farmer co-operatives to finance the construction of additional phosphate plants utilizing both the Florida and the western reserves; also potash plants utilizing the New Mexican reserves of this mineral.

Second, the bill would authorize the Department of Agriculture to apply on a national scale, using 2 percent of the nation's farms as demonstration units, the test-demonstration technique developed by the TVA, which is currently testing and demonstrating its concentrated phosphate fertilizers on over 40,000 farms in the Tennessee Valley and in a score or more of states outside the valley.

Top agronomists and soil conservationists believe that the adoption of this program would in something like ten years come close to balancing our soil budget and lay the foundations of a permanent, soil-conserving agriculture.

First introduced in 1945 by Senator Lister Hill of Alabama in the Senate, and Representative Flannagan in the House, the National Soil Fertility Bill was re-introduced in the Senate last spring, sponsored by a non-partisan group of senators representing a majority of the Senate Agricultural Committee. At the Senate hearings in May and June the bill was vigorously supported by representatives of the American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Farmers Union, and by a distinguished group of agronomists and chemical engineers representing the land-grant colleges and the Tennessee Valley Authority. Yet despite this backing the Senate failed to report out the bill and the House didn't even hold hearings.

Backstage in the capitol the bill hit a familiar snag, namely the fertilizer trust and its two-headed lobby, the American Plant Food Council and the National Fertilizer Association.

★

It was the fertilizer lobby, working largely through its friends on the War Production Board, that prevented the TVA from building, during the war, the phosphate plant at Mobile, Alabama, for which Congress twice appropriated funds. As a result of this obstruction, as Senator Hill pointed out on the floor of the Senate in April 1943, our wartime food policy—and, one might add, our postwar food policy too—was organized around the concealment of a fundamental phosphate deficiency in our soil and in our food crops.

The fertilizer trust is quite aware of this situation and indeed would scarcely venture to deny publicly that it exists. Its position, reading between the lines of its slick paper propaganda, is simply that it can't afford to do anything about it. It wouldn't be good business, and the trust knows

what is good business, because it has been in business *as a trust* for at least forty years—ever since 1906 when the Department of Justice initiated the first of a long string of anti-trust prosecutions.

The fertilizer industry is accustomed to the traditional pattern of agricultural boom-and-bust to which it has geared its activities in the past, and which, it firmly believes, will be repeated in the future. Hence the industry is as reluctant to expand its production as is the steel industry, no matter what happens to the land, to the farmers on the land, to the consumers of the farmers' crops, or to our international relief commitments.

But it is not just future over-capacity that the trust and its lobbyists are afraid of. It also fears technological advance because that too would not be good business, in the short run at least. With respect to the use of the resources of scientific research and development engineering, the phosphate fertilizer industry is notoriously laggard and primitive. Today, nearly a hundred years after John Lawes showed how to make phosphate available to plants by acidulating bones, and later phosphate rock, with sulfuric acid, about ninety percent of the phosphate fertilizer produced in this country is still made by this process, which yields the so-called "normal" superphosphate of commerce of from 16 to 20 percent concentration. TVA's triple superphosphate, made by the electric furnace process, contains 48 percent of available P_2O_5 . Its calcium metaphosphate contains 62 percent; its diammonium phosphate contains 54 percent of phosphate and 21 percent of nitrogen. Even TVA's fused tricalcium phosphate, made simply by using furnace heat to remove the fluorine from phosphate rock, contains from 27 to 30 percent of P_2O_5 .

★

Publicly the trust scoffs at these and other achievements of TVA's chemical engineering department. Privately, there is scarcely an important fertilizer company in America that has not sent its engineers to Muscle Shoals to study the new TVA processes. Already newcomers to the industry like Henry Kaiser's Permanente plant on the West Coast and the extraordinary Simplot fertilizer and food processing enterprise at Pocatello, Idaho, have adopted one or more of these processes, which are freely offered to all comers. Because of the relative cheapness with which the more highly concentrated fertilizer materials can be bagged, transported, and applied to the land, it is generally admitted that low-analysis fertilizer mixtures heavily diluted with sand and other "fillers" are today obsolete, and must eventually be superseded almost entirely.

Eventually, but not now—not if the fertilizer trust can help it. From the point of view of the old-line fertilizer industry its diluted and adul-

terated mixed fertilizers, and its grooved and frozen price-fixing arrangements coupled, before the war at least, with rigorously enforced cartel agreements with foreign producers, are all necessary parts of a painfully constructed commercial alliance that must be made to hang together at all costs.

The costs are fairly heavy. They include the \$36,000 a year salary paid to ex-Congressman Woodrum to head the fertilizer lobby. They include sending out flagrantly "loaded" questionnaires designed to trip unsuspecting farmers and agronomists into seeming to say that all is well with the land and with the fertilizer industry. They include research fellowships and grants that make experiment station directors think twice before permitting their staff agronomists to testify in behalf of the National Soil Fertility Bill.

They include the presentation by the American Plant Food Council to the United States Office of Education of that remarkable literary Trojan horse entitled "Our Land and Its Care." This is an illustrated pamphlet designed for use in the vocational courses of the high schools. It contains ninety percent of solid fact and ten percent of astute propaganda calculated to persuade the future farmers of America that there isn't any fertilizer trust and that if there is, it lives only to serve them. Washington wits are still making earthy cracks about the elaborate coming-out party given for that pamphlet at the Hotel Mayflower last spring, attended by a galaxy of subservient bureaucrats and agricultural statesmen.

Finally, the trust's defense bill includes the cost of the extraordinarily intensive lobbying that has caused even hardened Washington to blink a bit. For example, a year ago last July, just before the the House roll call that defeated the appropriation for the construction of the Mobile plant, Representative Cannon of Missouri was moved to exclaim:

The question before the House is whether you will vote with these lobbyists who have been parked at your elbows for weeks, or whether you will vote for the folks back home. Will you vote for the fertilizer trust or for a hungry world?

Given these and other expenditures amounting to an estimated million dollars a year, the fertilizer trust should worry about losing technical battles at meagerly reported legislative hearings. . . . It has fixed the war in advance.

★

The situation has its tragi-comic aspects. TVA's chemical engineers and agronomists have nothing against the private fertilizer industry as such and they definitely do *not* want the government to take over the fertilizer industry. TVA's total phosphate production this year will not exceed

100,000 tons of P_2O_5 —an almost negligible addition to the industry's total volume in 1946 of a million and a half tons. Nor do the aspirations of the farmer co-ops constitute a serious threat to an industry which must treble its capacity within the next few years if it is to provide even an approximation of the nation's need for soil minerals.

Moreover, it has been proved repeatedly that TVA's test-demonstration activities do not reduce the sales of commercial fertilizer; on the contrary, the commercial phosphate distributors have doubled and trebled their sales in many of the test-demonstration areas, and there is every reason to suppose that the national expansion of the test-demonstration program proposed by S-1251 would have similarly favorable effects in expanding the market for private companies.

In many respects the whole play of forces recalls the early days of the public power fight. Fourteen years ago when the TVA Act was passed, the issue was the nation's stake in the development and use of water power. The private utilities said: (a) There is and will be no market for the "fantastic" amounts of electric power to be yielded by the proposed government constructions; (b) Private power companies will be ruined if they are forced to compete with the government's low rates.

History has proved the private utilities wrong on both counts. Similarly, it may confidently be expected that history will prove the fertilizer trust wrong about the effect on its future of the expansion of landpower proposed in the National Soil Fertility Bill.

But the world can get very hungry, waiting for history. Time marches on. The international Food and Agricultural Organization would like the United States to send phosphate as well as food to Europe, and it is important that we do so. For more and more, America's power and prestige will be measured by its power to feed.

The Voyager

Once, in the conference-room of self-debate,
The timid burgher glowed. He would live
Dangerously, twisting the neck of fate,
And, Faust-like, be the epoch's fugitive.
He studied stars and entrails, and he shaped
Black projects for his plenitude of pride.
He thought, "*Es irrt der Mensch, so lang' er strebt,*"
And water would flow at last from Christ's pierced side.
Pince-nez adjusted, the burgher set his course
And spliced the spume of waterways ungraphed.
He stood erect, the mastering sea grew hoarse,
And somewhere in the depths dark Ahab laughed.
Dark Ahab and the toothless Sganarelle
Wink at each other and resume their hell.

JOHN W. SIMONS.

Art In England Since the War

NICOLETTE GRAY

NOTHING very startling seems to have happened since the war; no new movement, no meteoric artists. Whether anything significant is happening below the surface one can only guess. I can do no more than hazard an interpretation.

From the economic point of view the clock seems to have been put back. The experiment of appointing "war artists" (made also in the 1914-1918 war) does not seem to be leading to any extension of state patronage—partly perhaps because the only public works which are being undertaken are purely utilitarian. On the other hand the incidence of taxation, etc., is encouraging people to spend capital on paintings, and artists are selling through dealers to private collectors far more easily and at better prices than for many years past. To my mind this is most fortunate because it is giving artists a period of freedom at a time which may, I fancy, be one of crucial stylistic development. It is interesting also to note the apparent effect of the appointment of war artists. At first the achievement was brilliant; in the later years it seemed to peter out; all the best work, the Paul Nash Battle of Britain pictures, Henry Moore's air-raid shelter drawings, Eric Ravilious's exquisite water colors of Norwegian waters and the English coast, Bawden's sultry African records, were done before the end of 1942.

But a most important and, I hope, permanent effect has been to bring the artist into much closer contact with the public; not only by giving his work a place in the common effort, but because the remarkably wise and catholic selections have brought artists hitherto considered advanced, hopelessly highbrow, before a wide public and with an official imprimatur. At the same time their work has been acquired by the Tate Gallery. This is due perhaps only to one or two men, but for the first time for decades the leaders of modern art: Henry Moore, Ben Nicholson, Graham Sutherland, Coldstream, etc., are widely recognized and accepted, successful in their prime instead of in their old age or after their death.

This augurs well too for the process which already, long before the war, was beginning to give the artist a normal and economic place in society, to bridge that gulf created in the late nineteenth century, the reunion between fine and commercial art. Both in the textile and ceramic industries artists of high repute such as Ravilious or Ben Nicholson were making designs for commercial firms, and certain commercial artists were

producing work in close sympathy with contemporary painting. The movement is reviving though manufacturing conditions are still very hampering. In book production, advertisement and poster designing, the standard is steadily rising.

But the most important postwar event is, I think, the discovery of John Piper as a theatrical designer. Not since the Diaghileff ballets have there been sets on the London stage which have been like these, works of art. Piper is not only a master of dramatic color and chiaroscuro, he is alive to all the poetic implications which may be involved. I saw only the designs for Benjamin Britten's opera "The Rape of Lucretia," but his set for the Old Vic production of "Oedipus Rex" caught and enhanced the spirit of the production—the somber, irrational, primitive element in the Greek spirit which Laurence Olivier's acting kindled into a dark fire so that the whole presentation became in some way a contemporary recreation.

The great success of such a production is another sign of the new approximation of ordinary and highbrow taste. One would not expect at the same time any revolutionary movements; in style. Such "movements" as are adhered to are the old ones, surrealism, abstract art, the Euston Road school. It is to the last mentioned that Geoffrey Tibble belongs and I should select him and Cecil Collins as the two outstanding artists whose postwar exhibitions have revealed newly-matured talent, indeed more than talent. Cecil Collins belongs to no group and follows no master. He is an artist of fantasy; something of Lewis Carroll, something of Aubrey Beardsley. Though he paints in oil he has shown himself so far, I think, primarily as a draughtsman. He has a sense of black and white almost as fine as Beardsley, and adds to it a whole fandangle of quips and darts and spirals of the pen that make his drawings fascinating. He has also done a set of prints on plastic plates, a new medium from which he elicits a burr as brilliant as a drypoint and a line as soft as a lithograph. His favorite subject, indeed the central theme of his recent work, is "the fool." In a sense Collins is a satirist, almost a moralist. Is the fool the banished poet within us? To say that Collins is both a moralist and a painter of fantasy is, I think, more or less to delimit his field, up to the present. But perhaps the most notable, certainly the most refreshing revelation of his exhibition was one of a natural artist, a vision purely pictorial, with as many literary affinities as Beardsley but expressed naturally, easily, without borrowings from the past or the present, in fact possessing that quality which is so very rare today, originality.

Geoffrey Tibble is as gifted a painter as Collins is a draughtsman; one could hardly say his vision

is pictorial, its very existence is as paint. His pictures exhibited last year contained some most lovely passages, paint color in juxtapositions of exquisite sensibility. And yet I find it hard to understand why so gifted an artist should choose to paint in the manner of forty years ago, the same tones and colors, even the same sort of girls and rooms; what relevance has that lost period today, how can it be a way to a true means of contemporary expression?

★

This year two very remarkable painters have died, Paul Nash and Frances Hodgkins: the first born in 1889, the other in 1870. Though they were both so much older than Tibble even their last paintings, perhaps most of all their last, one felt, unlike his, to be in some real way contemporary. At the same time while Tibble's paintings have an extraordinary felicity and serenity in their different ways, the work of both the older painters seems to be the outcome of great effort, each one almost a pitched battle between chaos and coherence. That is not true perhaps of the earlier works of Paul Nash, but the paintings of the last ten years show a preoccupation with the complications of the problems of the organization of color and space, and a corresponding sense of greater objectivity of an exploration into some ultimate world. Therein surely lies a deep-rooted difference between the divergent approaches of these painters. Paul Nash is trying to make his colors, forms and space express, contain, through them to find out, his experience of some ultimate world. The effort and the struggle arises as we know so well from the breakdown of any esthetic tradition, which in more fortunate ages grew naturally, and changed, providing an almost imperceptible bridge between the world of thoughts and images. We have been so intensely interested in this struggle of our century to find a new tradition that shall be formal—true to art, and contemporary—true to thought, that we have almost forgotten the quite different struggle of the end of the last century, of the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists.

★

Recently seeing the Old Masters again after these years of almost total abstinence, I have been overwhelmed at the same time by their beauty and by their remoteness. How extraordinary are the realistic naked ladies on clouds, the gesticulating models in classical trappings, of post-Raphaelite art! After seeing the Graham Sutherland crucifixion—of which more later—I have been thinking of crucifixions. I had thought of the Rubens-Vandyck tradition as essentially realistic. But of course the Crucifixion cannot have looked like that, nor can the artist have thought so. They were

not trying to paint a realistic conception of the *scene*. We are merely misled by their habit of painting bodies, etc., realistically. The dead end which the European tradition reached at the beginning of the nineteenth century was the natural outcome of the sophistication of post-renaissance art, a purely formal art using highly realistic terms. I suddenly became aware of what I learnt long ago from Roger Fry of the internal, esthetic, revolution of the Impressionists and the Post-Impressionists seeking to create a formal art, in formal terms. Such an art is not involved in the necessity of being "contemporary," its terms are permanently valid because they are their own end. It is a revolution which was most important for later movements, surrealism, abstract art, etc., because it broke the bonds and created a new freedom, though it was, I feel, essentially different in purpose. The later movements, the search this way and that for contemporary terms is surely derived from another nineteenth century revolution, against the formal purpose, but not at first against the realistic terms of post-Renaissance Art: a revolution which was primarily English (Pre-Raphaelite) and German, and which will no doubt prove to have a more complicated history because of its deeper and more confused nature than that of the French. Both movements are I think alive in England today. I think it is this deep-rooted historical difference which divides the Euston Road Group so sharply from the other important English painters.

For myself I cannot but think the other approach far more interesting and—I wonder whether now when we least expect it the period of experiment has reached a term—I wonder whether the air raid shelter drawings of Henry Moore signify something more than the development of an individual artist. We had thought of Henry Moore as a sculptor essentially concerned with his material and with creating new forms therein and then suddenly he produced this large series of chalk and wash drawings of people in the tubes and other public shelters during the London blitz; pictures, which are essentially concerned with human beings, with the docility and vulnerability and humility of ordinary people, with the eternal values of simple occupations like knitting and sleeping and eating sandwiches, with the tragic dignity of man at his weakest and least individuated. There is something of Rembrandt in the depth of human sympathy and something of Michelangelo in the grandeur of expression. It is as if the knowledge gained by all those years of formal experiment were suddenly informed with feeling. Almost as if the mute had found a language. The statue of the Madonna and Child which he carved in 1944 for St. Matthew's Church at Northampton confirms this impression. I had seen many photographs and yet I was over-

whelmed when I saw the original; it was quite unexpected because it was so beautiful, and so essentially a religious work of art. Beautiful in a straightforward sense that I would never have applied to any earlier work of his; in the sense of harmony and proportion between each part and the whole, between the conception and the execution. The curves and masses and rhythms are not as in his earlier work qualities of vigor and meaning exciting admiration but things of delight. To me too (as in no earlier sculpture) this is a representation of persons; persons in perfect relation to one another and, I felt, overwhelmingly, persons standing in the sight of God; I suppose that means conceived with great humility and objectivity and deriving thence their felicity, serenity and historicity: the rhyme is a relation between the mother and the child and the child with humanity and eternity.

★

Another example of an artist moving from indirect to direct expression is the pair of illustrations to the *Morte d'Arthur* painted by David Jones in 1941 and 1942 and now in the Tate Gallery. David Jones has done fascinating water-colors of flowers and the sea, churchyards and girls, full of romantic and historical implications; but these are drawings of central romantic subjects (he sees the *Morte d'Arthur* as a myth gathering up the strands of our culture, Celtic, Christian and Roman) "Lancelot found by the Four Queens asleep under an apple tree" (Bk. VI, ch. 3) and "Lancelot coming to Guinevere in the Castle of Sir Meliagraunce" (Bk. XIX, ch. 6). They are elaborately executed, composed out of a complex of symbolic detail and lovely lyrical drawing. Here is a gathering together of the images and implications in our mind; the sacrifice of the dolmen on the hill, and of the chapel, and of the soldier, lover-soldier, German soldier, Lancelot; each particular, the pot on the hearth, the sheep and the gravestone and the bird in the old apple tree is felt also as a symbol uniting the past and the present. The rhythm of the complex compositions responds to the taking and the giving of the male and the female which typifies and individualizes the reciprocity of our nature.

Finally there is Graham Sutherland's Crucifixion commissioned like the Moore Madonna and Child by the Vicar of the Anglican Church of St. Matthew of Northampton and finished this year. I had never thought it possible for a real crucifixion to be produced in our blind, untraditional, pagan time. Eric Gill's Station of the Cross in Westminster Cathedral is very beautiful, completely true in so far as it goes and yet with some essential gap between it and the tremendous fact of its subject so that it seems only a shadow and a reminder. Is it due to the arch-

icism by which he by-passed the problem of terms? Graham Sutherland has been able to paint quite directly—though his studies recently exhibited show how long and carefully he meditated the whole subject. His painting is almost barbarous, this figure of a dead criminal. It has been compared to Grünewald but this is not I think a painting of pain (though some of the studies are) but a painting of sin, and therefore it is at first sight so crudely ugly. But in the ugliness one is aware of a strange beauty and in the death of enormous power. This is not a shadow like the Gill but—in the way of art—has identity with reality. Like the great cry of Oedipus it seems to reach the heart.

Communications

THE NEGRO'S FRIENDS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I read with interest the letter of Mr. George Streater in your issue of September 12, 1947. He objects, apparently, to the methods presently followed by some Catholic organizations striving to combat race discrimination and suggests that "The various Catholic groups assume for themselves a definite task, and, we hope, stick to it until something other than speech-making is accomplished."

It is a fair assumption that by "speech-making" Mr. Streater means lectures, forums, seminars, perhaps publications, and other educational devices. Much of the prejudice and discrimination encountered is due to ignorance or misinformation. Where that is true, one's program must, in the main, be educational.

Racial discrimination neither occurs, nor can it be combatted in a vacuum. It occurs in certain social groupings and in connection with more or less definite social activities, for example, in schools, theatres, unions, shops and stores, recreational facilities, housing developments and certain neighborhoods, and its cure, where and when effected in a given setting, is most efficiently achieved by those who work in that setting.

By the same token when racial discrimination occurs and there is no opposition to it, it is largely because of the ignorance or apathy of members of the group in that area. Until that ignorance or apathy is removed, or the group alerted, very little can be done by an approach from the outside, or by mass pressure only.

The Catholic Interracial Councils seek to remove the ignorance and apathy frequently found in Catholic groups which practice discrimination, and by discussion with and instruction of these groups in their responsibilities as Catholics and Americans, and in the implications and doctrine of their Faith in the field of race relations, they strive to bring about a common understanding which results in a decided improvement.

Do the Councils claim to be experts or are they warranted in arrogating to themselves the title of "authorities?" An authority or expert has been defined as one having special knowledge, experience or study in a par-

ticular field or subject. The Councils have given this matter much study, but they do not pose as the final authorities, nor do they set themselves up as necessarily unique. They make it a practice to seek information, wherever available, on the topic, and to cooperate with and assist when requested or able to do so, by way of information, advice or techniques, speakers, literature, etc.

An illustration of this will be found in the relation of the New York Catholic Interracial Council to the recent Equity affair. The Council did not at any point to my knowledge negotiate directly with the theater owners or producers. Actors' Equity was best qualified for that. The Council first tried to assist and encourage the liberal actors in Actors' Equity that they should resist discrimination in the National Theater in Washington, and later assisted Equity in its discussion with the producers.

So too, when the fight first began for a permanent FEPC, the Council joined with other groups to advance the program.

In this field of discrimination which basically is a rather complex problem of human relationships no one group or method will ever achieve a 100 percent satisfactory solution. All men of good-will must bend their efforts and energies toward that end if we are to have a better world.

HAROLD A. STEVENS.

HITLER'S END

Sunnyside, Wash.

TO the Editors: After reading Gisevius's book on the bloody 20th of July, 1944, and Trevor-Roper's account of Hitler's end, I have been looking forward to your review, I was glad to see it done by my good friend Professor Fitzsimons of Notre Dame, who approaches the subject with a competent historian's sobriety. I agree with him that both books are not very valuable except for the historical data they contain, which are, however, now available from far more reliable and less sensational sources. As a matter of fact, I am at present under bombardment from Germany of daily papers, weeklies and monthlies which all contain tons of material on the abortive palace revolution and their corrections from other witnesses. I am afraid that with the growing volumes of literature the significance of this attempted coup will be exaggerated until we finally lose all proportions.

Both authors are most unpleasant to read and I admire Mr. Fitzsimons's self-control with which he refers to the bigoted and stupid anti-Catholicism of the unserious Trevor-Roper, who makes a vain attempt to convince us that our present attitude toward the Nazis is all wrong and that he has a completely new evaluation of Hitler, Himmler, Goering and Goebbels—who was definitely not educated by Jesuits. I am sorry to be unable to serve you with quotations as I gave my copy away and do not wish to withhold my letter any longer.

There is a danger that the general impression becomes blurred under the impact of all this literature and that the personalities assume features entirely different from their natural images. No doubt Goerdeler, the heroic and idealistic civilian mainspring of this whole movement, merits our admiration; but it would be erroneous to mistake him for what he never was, viz., a moderate and

cosmopolitan-minded democrat. As late as March, 1943, he worked for a revolution to get set for the following peace: the borders of 1914 (including all that Poland received in 1918, plus Alsace Lorraine, North-Schlesvig, Malmedy) and the Sudetenland, Austria and South Tyrol. He also made unmistakable statements that he wanted Germany to emerge as the "dominant power on the continent." Few of his fellow conspirators disagreed with him and none seems ever to have thought of what the Poles, the French, the Austrians, the Danes and others might have felt about these claims. What Hitler had conquered by bullying and shooting, they intended to keep as a pawn to negotiate without his embarrassing and blood-thirsty personality. Neither the Western nor the Soviet statesmen would have accepted such conditions. Thus the German military would have carried on for quite a while. A second popular revolt would have had to clear the way for a just peace (and this would have been the "second stab in the back").

By far the best and most objective books on the time from 1933 to 1945 I have so far seen are von Hassell's "Diary" and Eugene Kogon's "Der SS—Staat." It is a pity that Hassell's book has been preceded by these worthless elaborates and that it seems to be impossible to find an American publisher for Kogon. They are real eye-openers.

By his own admission Gisevius was closely connected with the Gestapo. His friend and fellow conspirator Nebe was, according to Kogon, one of the men who were responsible for the inhuman treatment of concentration camp inmates. In view of the many other unsavory plotters like Count Helldorf, the double-dealing generals, etc., this whole rebellion, whose first instigators, "the Kreisan Circle, Goerdeler, Hassell and Beck, were beyond doubt idealists and had clean hands," needs far more careful analysis. The trouble is that the public will devour such first arrivals like Gisevius, but will not have the patience to read the solid worth of those who sifted the evidence in painstaking work. This creates an atmosphere of "debunked ideals of 1945" and an unwillingness to listen to France now, e.g., in the Ruhr question, a fact which you deplore in your review, because, being tired of the whole business since we have a sort of peace now, the public will gladly say that the 20th of July, 1944, proves that there is no danger from a nation of men who died for democratic ideals and were butchered by a gang of madmen who descended on them while they were looking the other way and working hard to make a decent, clean and efficient place for themselves.

One job for the historians will be to find the focus for the key man of the whole episode, Colonel Stauffenberg. It almost seems that Gisevius has a much lower opinion of him as a character and intellect than we are by now accustomed to accept.

If I were Mr. Fitzsimons I would not worry about Mr. Dulles's defense of Gisevius—after all, Gisevius was his agent and liaison. A too critical estimate of him would be suicidal and agents have that kind of versatility which strikes the reader in his report.

The whole epoch is most bewildering not only to us here in safe and free America, but to the Germans as

well. There are figures like Rudolf Pechel, Ulrich von Hassell, Father Rossaint, Reinhold Schneider and probably a hundred thousand others who will find our loving admiration. But the ones who made the news often do not fully measure up to our hazy admiration. Karl Barth, who judges the Catholic hierarchy and the "intact" churches of the Protestants so mercilessly, found it possible to accept the oath of office as a professor in Germany after the revolting experience of Hitler's bloody purge in 1934. When you think of heroic and noble men who suffered incredible tortures and who now show the moral courage of saying the truth—which is already dangerous again: shades of Liebknecht, Rathenau and Erzberger!—and yet belonged to the party and even offered their services to Hitler for his stupid and cruel war, you really wonder whether anybody but God Almighty can find the facts.

Whatever the truth may be: Hitler's victims as well as his fools are very hungry, very cold and very naked and need our help, not our advice, because they are quite embarrassed besides, which is evident from their papers. Let us talk things over, when we have helped to feed them.

H. A. REINHOLD.

FRENCH CATHOLICS AND COMMUNISM

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editors: You published in *The Commonwealth* of September 26 an article, "French Catholics and Communism," written by one of my countrymen, Robert Barrat. It is not my intention to discuss it, but there is something that puzzles me. Robert Barrat writes: "An American workman, if he so wills, can acquire private property, cultural achievement and reach important managerial positions. *Such has not been the case within the society which Europe has known.*"

Is it possible that Robert Barrat has never met any of the thousands of French workers who in the last thirty years have become the owners of their homes? I did social work for some time and I have often been into these attractive cottages of workmen who had saved money enough to buy them. Many more workers would have become property owners if less money were spent in the cafes . . . I am related to a family in Northern France. The great-grandfather of my cousin was a workman in a mill, a clever one and one who seldom entered a cafe. He succeeded, and his son helped him, in building up a successful business and his grandchildren are the owners of textile factories. The father of the head of a well known steel works was a blacksmith. In my native city of Nantes we have a biscuit factory whose products are known all over France and Europe. The proud mother of the present owners was a workwoman who on Sundays sold homemade cookies on a small street stand. She discovered how to make these biscuits and this was the start of her prosperity. The son of our charwoman attended a college similar to MIT and is now a wealthy engineer.

As to cultural achievements, I know sons of peasants, of workmen, who are teachers, professors, doctors. Near our country home lived a little boy whose grandmother was a peasant wearing the "coiffe" and whose parents

are of a very humble condition. Yet this boy has become a writer and a well known Paris critic.

Many leading department stores and hotels have managers who started as workmen. These are only a few examples I personally know. I cannot believe the places where I lived are different from the rest of France . . . in fact I know they are not. That is why what Robert Barrat wrote seems rather difficult to understand.

ALINE DE LA BASSETIERE.

FOOD PARCELS

ONE of our California readers informs us that it is now possible to send food packages up to 7 pounds in weight to Japan. He suggests that packages be sent to the Bishop of Nagasaki, who has recently written of the food scarcity there. The address is:

Most Rev. Paul Yamaguchi
Bishop's House
Oura Tenshudo
Nagasaki, Japan

Marieli and Rita Benziger, founders and field workers of the Pope's Children War Relief, report that thousands of inmates of cloistered communities and orphans in Europe are threatened with starvation and cold this coming winter, and in their plea to the American hierarchy and clergy also emphasize the efficacy of sending commodities for distribution to the Vatican, which is in touch with so many urgent needs. All money contributions for their work should be sent to Rev. James O'Loughlen, S.C., 148 Main Street, New Rochelle, N. Y. All packages of food and clothing mailed in the eastern United States should be sent to Father O'Loughlen; in the Midwest and Far West they should go to: The Pope's Children War Relief, 466 East Mariposa Street, Altadena, Calif.

On the basis of the latest reports to the UN Food and Agricultural Organization, the New York *Times* for September 21 printed a map dividing the countries of Europe according to their current food stocks and prospects. Conditions are "very bad" in Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece and Rumania; "bad" in Poland, Holland, France, Spain and Portugal. For the benefit of those who wish to send CARE packages (CARE, 50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y.—the general food package costs \$10) we append the following deserving addresses:

Carmel de St. Joseph
9 Via Innocenzo X
Rome, Italy

Rev. A. Kaas, S.S.S.
Klooster Joseph Protector
Stevensbeek, Holland

Dr. J. C. Rossaint
Velbert Rhld.
Dalbeck 27, Germany

Révérènde Mère Prieure du Carmel
90 rue du Condray
Nantes—Loire Inferieure
France

Kinderhort
Gschwandtnergasse 53
Vienna 17, Austria

The Stage & Screen

OUR LAN'

AN INCIDENT from the close of the American Civil War probably constitutes the kernel of Theodore Ward's play, and I do not like to call it a kernel of corn. According to the script, a group of Freedom Negroes in the year 1865 believe that General Sherman has ceded each of them forty acres of conquered territory of their own choice. Retiring to an island off the coast of Georgia, they take possession of a plantation, summarily dispatch its overseer, successfully work its land, and finally learn of Lincoln's death, Johnson's succession, and the utter frustration of all their hopes at the point of Union guns and a cannon, evidently mounted in the turbulent seas in the right wing. There can be no question that, with the addition of characters, intelligence, and craft, here is stuff for a play. However, as the business works out at the Royale, there is apparent neither writing nor wrighting; neither skilful staging, nor anywhere a point of view. There is a good deal of excellent singing of spirituals: at every falter in the script, the stage is somehow operatically composed and a rendition of one or other of the more famous numbers is finely delivered. There is also a good deal of what can only be called limping spectacle, displayed in a pretentious scrimmed set to a selection of theatrical fakement—thunder and lightning machines, allover sunsets, in fact every variety of ill-lit weathers.

It is perhaps most important to underline that the business is a humiliation to some of the best actors—of any color—on the street. But I am rather more intrigued with the actual, physical history of the script and I think this should be examined.

Mr. Ward, the author, is a member of the Theatre Guild Playwriting Seminar of 1945, and deservedly, I should say, a winner of small prizes for a good many years before that. Produced last season under the direction of Edward R. Mitchell at the Henry Street Playhouse, his play (this play) evidently set a number of the daily money critics spinning, and, again evidently, the entire effort was bodily lifted from Henry Street to 45th, with embellishments, by the producer-director, Eddie Dowling. In a review in the *Times* for September 29th, Brooks Atkinson deplores the addition of schmooz and gigantica to what he must originally have felt was a moving theatrical experience off the main street. Perhaps this is useful, and if so, the weight of blame must descend upon Mr. Dowling, whose list of accomplishments comprises a number of visions with about a 50% break of success. Actually, one imagines, Mr. Dowling's operations are all vision, since his techniques are sadly deficient. He is almost always an embarrassing actor, a muddled director, and lucky. I think it is probably safest to say he is a brave man, who needs a BRAIN; but where he can be expected to look for this commodity is something of a mystery. If he should turn to the critics, I don't see how he, together with his fifty-odd actors, technicians

and experts in the present instance, could fail to land in the exact soup in which they are currently placed. For neither esthetically, sociologically, historically, logically, sentimentally—anyhow critically—is it possible to say that Mr. Ward's play is a good one. No matter if it should be produced anywhere, at any time, anyhow. It is, at the most, a possible first draft. It is not really to the point that Mr. Dowling has further mangled rather than improved it. What is to the point is that it should have been honestly critically assessed at the outset so that neither thousands of money, honest work, fine talents, nor everybody's time, should have been wasted. (*at the Royale*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Desire the Pink Horse

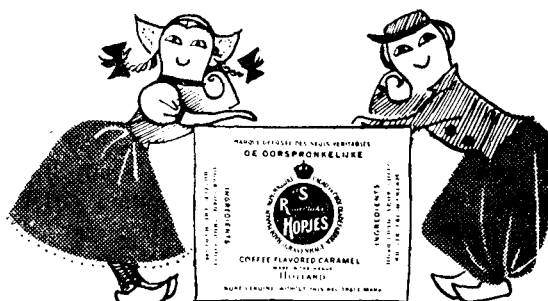
THIS is one of those weeks in which Hollywood (how we use that word!) seems to have planned something for everybody; but some of these everybodies are more fortunate than others. "*Desire Me*" is so obviously a woman's picture that it is almost unfair to ask a man to review it. Based very loosely on a novel by Leonhard Frank, it tells a tricked up version of the Enoch Arden story. This time the wife (Greer Garson) and the other man (Richard Hart) are not yet married when the husband (Robert Mitchum) returns. One wonders what the fuss is really all about. Since the other man is an evil character (explained as a "victim of society") the wife was lucky to have been saved from his clutches—even though the husband finally had to toss him over a cliff to dispose of him. And one also wonders why on earth the wife had to rush to her doctor and tell him the whole story—a device which sets the main plot in a long flashback. Since the other man knew all the time that the husband was not dead and we feel sure that he will eventually turn up, there is very little suspense. The interim, while we wait for the big climax in which Mitchum and Hart fight it out in the fog, is filled with lovely shots of the Brittany locale, the ceremonies during the Pardons and many scenes of Greer and Hart romping along the coast.

"*Ride the Pink Horse*" is the kind of a movie that men eat up. Its strong plot about revenge and blackmail, its violent action effectively set against a background of fiesta gaiety in Santa Fe, and its well-written script (by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer) are come-ons that appeal to a male audience. And no doubt its good cast will win the women too. Robert Montgomery portrays, somewhat over-emphatically, a tough guy who comes to New Mexico to avenge the death of a pal and to collect from the crook (Fred Clark) for whom his pal worked. Two Indians prove most helpful to Montgomery in the excitement that soon engulfs him: Thomas Gomez as the proprietor of an old merry-go-round, and Wanda Hendrix who turns in an amazingly brilliant performance as a naïve girl who comes to the fiesta and attaches herself to Montgomery. The FBI man who wanders in and out of suspenseful sequences is played by Art Smith with a planned coyness that adds to the film's realism. Robert Montgomery, who also directed the picture, has used cinema well especially in letting the camera make the most of the locale and the action without depending too much

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



DUTCH TREAT CANDIES

THE ORIGINAL

RADEMAKER'S HOPJES

ARE HERE AGAIN

lb. **1.89**

They're a favorite candy of all who know them. Now these coffee-flavored caramels are again available, in the same familiar black and yellow wrapper, made with the same rich cream and butter. The same fine quality and distinctive flavor are there. Try some, they'll soon become a habit. Mail and phone (MU. 9-7000) orders filled.

delicacies, main floor

on the spoken words. The film's pace drags a bit after the mood is established, but the plot finally gets moving.

Walt Disney is on deck again with another full-length feature. Admirers of his animated cartoons will probably go to "*Fun and Fancy Free*" in spite of the fact that it is definitely below par. That Mr. Disney is one of the great figures of moviedom there is no doubt; but equally is there little doubt that Disney needs advisers—particularly in matters of taste. Most of the art in this new film is of the calendar variety; of course the master's touches turn up from time to time as the animals and birds scamper in the forest, but the indications of Disney's genius are few. Our delightful old pal, Jiminy Cricket, gleefully connects the two main stories. The first, nicely narrated and sung by Dinah Shore, tells about Bongo, a circus bear who escapes, falls in love with a girl bear and finally outsmarts Lumpjaw, a big villain bear. Unfortunately the vulgarities in the tale detract from its charms. The second is a Mickey Mouse version of Jack and the Beanstalk, narrated by Edgar Bergen with snappy interpolations by Charlie McCarthy. Charlie's fans will love his ribald remarks. Most of them left me pretty cold as did this modernized telling of the old Beanstalk tale. I must admit, however, that I found the Giant, of all people, rather funny. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

My Favorite Professor

JONATHAN TITELESCU FOGARTY

A LONG about four, five, six years ago, I picked up the newspaper one morning and I read a book advertisement that was so clever I could have written it myself. I say that because I think I could write some pretty good book advertisements. Well this advertisement was different from most of the book ads. These ads tell you that the book being advertised is a work of genius. Now this ad didn't do that. It asked a question: WHY ARE BUSINESS MEN WHO DON'T READ BOOKS READING JAMES BURNHAM'S THE MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION? Well, I was a business man myself then. I was organizing a cartel for the export of household machinery to every housewife in the world so that the housewives of the world could live the American Way and they could preserve their hands even if there was a scarcity of Jergen's hand lotion. Of course, I read books anyway, but here was a book that I knew I was going to read. I borrowed a copy of this book. Now that's the way Professor Burnham became my favorite professor. He wrote a book I urge everybody go out and buy. It explains what I have always called the Fogarty Theory of History, the real key to history.

Along about the time this book came out, everybody used to be talking about revolution. I was myself, because this cartel I was organizing would have made a revolution in the world. Think of it—every woman in the world would have had washing machines and other electrical equipment. But how I was double-crossed in my cartel is another story. As I say, everybody was talking about revolution. If a company made some new

brand of soap, the new soap was called a revolution. If you turned on the dial to listen to your favorite radio commentator, he told you that there was going to be a war or that there was a war but it wasn't a war because it was a revolution only it was a new kind of revolution not an old kind of revolution. If you read a book by a newspaperman who knows everything that even the statesmen don't know about their own thoughts, why they told you that this was a revolution. One man said it was called the revolution of nihilism, and another said that it was a revolution of terror, and everybody seemed to know what kind of a revolution it was. So I figured it out. If even advertisements and soap was a revolution, why it meant that we were living in a revolutionary age. And so I decided that we had to have a revolution. But the rub was—what kind of a revolution? That's how I worked out my theory of history. And imagine how happy and gratified I was to find a professor who wrote a book about my theory of history without even knowing me. It saved me having to write the book myself because my favorite Professor gives you this theory, book, chapter and verse, and all I have to do is tell you what this means and dot the i's and cross the t's. Only I would like you to know that I am a democrat myself, and now that we can understand the kind of a revolution we ought to have, I think we ought to call this theory Managerial democracy instead of Managerial revolution. Well, let me project my explanation for you.

I have always said that if you want a democracy you have to have somebody to run it. It is just like an automobile. Somebody has to drive the car. Other people have to be driven by the driver. Because there has to be a driver, that doesn't mean that he won't drive you where you want to go. Now that's the idea of the managerial revolution. The manager sits at the wheel, and everybody else is in the back seat. That is the way everything has to be. Somebody has to steer the ship of state. Somebody has to manage society. Who is going to do it? The manager. Now my favorite professor, Mr. Burnham, he shows you that this is all so because it is the law of history. And one thing that my favorite professor knows all about is history.

I am a manager myself. I never boast or speak out of turn about myself, and I am only uttering the truth when I tell you that I have been managing things pretty well all my life. I have always said that you can't run anything, even a peanut stand, if you don't manage it right. That has always been my theory and all I needed to add to it was the idea that it is revolutionary. Of course, it is no surprise to me that Professor knows so much about leadership because he received his education at Princeton, and Princeton seems to be a university that has a tradition in leadership and vision. They had Professor Wilson there as president and he said that Princeton was going to give vision and educate leaders for the nation and he even became President of the United States and made the world safe for democracy. Professor Wilson knew a lot about the theories of leadership and it seems that the theory of leadership has become the Princeton tradition since his days.

But after he wrote this first book, Professor Burnham

wrote another one, a mighty deep book, called "The Machiavellians." It is named after Machiavelli, the Italian who lived a long time ago. Machiavelli wrote a book about scientific management. He didn't call his book "The Manager," but "The Prince." It meant the same as manager today.

Well, "The Machiavellians" will be too deep for many busy men, so let me give you the nub of it. I explained my theory about how, if you are a driver, you don't sit in the back seat. Suppose then that you're driving. Somebody who thinks he is a better driver than you is sitting at your right. You are going around a dangerous horseshoe curve in the mountains. The mountains are steep, and if you fall down the side of the mountain you might just as well be falling into Kingdom Come. Well, this somebody who thinks he can drive decides that he is just going to take the wheel away from you. You know he isn't as good a driver as you because if he was he would be driving. What do you do? Do you let him take the wheel away from you? No, not if you are a scientific Machiavellian. You keep one hand on the wheel, and with your other hand, you merely belt this somebody right out of the car, and he goes tumbling down the mountain into Kingdom Come.

And then suppose the passengers in the back seat begin to get nervous and think that one of them ought to drive? You tell them that they ought to train their eyes to see the beauties of nature or you tell them a joke to make them laugh. You keep them thinking about something besides the wheel. Well, imagine that the state and society is an automobile. You get my point. This is what Machiavelli wrote. It is political science. And my favorite professor explains it all, book, chapter and verse.

Professor Burnham wrote another book, called "The Struggle for the World." But he is a little bit too excitable and impatient in this book. Here is his idea: He would kind of like to declare war on Mr. Stalin right away. If we were to let Mr. Burnham declare war on Mr. Stalin for us now, we would have to change the Constitution. Because we elected Congress to declare a war for us if we have got to have a war. And I think that Congress would resent it if we went ahead and let Mr. Burnham declare war in place of them. It might be a mistake to aggravate Congress now, because I think we are going to need them as I will explain in a moment.

I am no pacifist, myself. If we have to have a war in order to make people free, we have to. But I think that we ought to try other plans first. I already told you my plan to get along with Stalin. Now what we need to carry it out is just the momentous man I am looking for. Here is my reasoning about what to do after I find the momentous man. Everybody knows we live in one world. Since we live in one world, we have got to have one government. How are we going to have one government? The Fogarty Theory of History answers that question: The world is like an automobile. Somebody has got to drive that automobile. Somebody has got to manage the world with one government everywhere. Well, the person who will do that is the world brain. Now that is what the momentous man will be; the world brain, managing the world.

So now you see why I think that Mr. Burnham is a little hasty and is kind of jumping the gun, even if he is my favorite Professor. It would spoil all my plans for getting along with Mr. Stalin, which I have already explained to you. And then, like I said, I think it would be a mistake to do anything to get Congress aggravated now. Because we might need a little appropriation from them for the world brain when I find him. Of course, I am an optimistic man who always does what he says he can do. And so I am mighty confident that I am going to find the world brain. But it will be embarrassing to me and a little inconvenient if any more people go ahead like Professor Burnham and start declaring a war on Mr. Stalin. And if we have another war, everybody might forget what peace is like. I don't think we would want that to happen.

The Labor Movement

Lewis Does It Again

IF EVER there was a man who thinks strictly in headlines, it is John L. Lewis. The affair has received very few of them in the daily press, but the fact is that Lewis, single-handed, has launched a torpedo which may well blow up the Taft-Hartley Act. For once the saga of John L. has been underplayed by the papers.

This is how it happened. The law provides that no labor organization can use the new labor board set up by the Act unless non-Communist affidavits have first been signed by "each officer of such labor organization and the officers of any national or international organization of which it is an affiliate or constituent unit. . . ."

Robert Denham, counsel for the new National Labor Relations Board, has ruled that this provision means that not only must the officers of an individual union sign, but also the national officers of the federation (AFL OR CIO) with which it is affiliated. Important members of Congress have disagreed with this ruling, but it does seem that logic and language are on Mr. Denham's side. The law is explicit. And by the way, the law would also seem to apply to officers of the World Federation of Trade Unions, of which the CIO is "an affiliate," and the International Labor Organization, of which the AFL is "a constituent unit".

Mr. Denham did not allow logic to carry him too far, however. He also ruled that the members of the CIO executive board, which includes at least one representative from

THE MUSICAL HIT

OKLAHOMA!

Evenings at 8:30—\$4.80, \$3.60, \$3.00, \$2.40, \$1.80, \$1.20
Matinee Thursday at 2:30—\$3.00, \$2.40, \$1.80, \$1.20
Matinee Saturday at 2:30—\$3.60, \$3.00, \$2.40, \$1.80, \$1.20

ST. JAMES THEATRE

44th Street West of Broadway.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday.

"A very funny play, brilliantly written, acted and staged."
—Robert Garland, *Journal-American*.

MAX GORDON Presents

BORN YESTERDAY

The Hilarious Comedy Hit by GARSON KANIN

LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256

Evenings 8:40.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:40

each affiliate, were not "officers" of the CIO. How you would describe them he did not say. He said that only the president and secretary-treasurer of both organizations plus the nine vice-presidents of the CIO and the 13 vice-presidents of the AFL were real, honest-to-goodness "officers".

This was fortunate for the CIO because sitting on its executive board was Ben Gold, a self-confessed Communist, and about ten others who are unconfessed members of the brotherhood. On the other hand, the only vice-president about whom there could be any doubt is Albert Fitzgerald, president of the United Electrical Radio & Machine Workers, and the chances are that he is not a member of the Party. He has always been a willing stooge for the CP, so that there is no reason why they should have insisted on his joining.

In other words, the CIO could qualify. President Murray and Secretary Carey have both made public statements which expressed their extreme unwillingness even to look at the affidavits, much less sign them. Nevertheless, they pointedly refrained from stating that the CIO would not sign them under any circumstances. In fact, they put off the decision until the October convention.

This left it up to the AFL, and it was easy to see that if the AFL signed, then the CIO would probably go along, because there was nothing else to do if it did not want its unions carved up by the AFL in NLRB elections in which the CIO could not even appear on the ballot.

William Green, aging president of the AFL, was in favor of signing. So were most of the members of the executive council. (The AFL's council is composed only of the 15 top officers, so they did not need another illogical ruling from Mr. Denham.) When the council first met in Chicago on September 8, a vote was taken, and on this vote the count was 12 to 1 in favor of filing the affidavits. And the one opposed was—how did you guess?—John L. Lewis.

It was not because John L. Lewis is a Communist. Far from it. As a matter of fact, if you want to know exactly why Lewis voted against it, you would do best to ask somebody else. Maybe the passion for headlines had something to do with it. What he said was that labor should fight, and the way to fight was not to sign, and if some of the smaller unions had to suffer, that was too bad, but in all wars there were certain casualties.

Eventually, one or two members came over to his side, and one of these was Bill Hutcheson (carpenters), and this was ironic because Lewis and Hutcheson used to be bitter enemies. But Dan Tobin (teamsters) was mad and Dave Dubinsky (garment workers) left the meeting muttering that the Taft-Hartley Act was supposed to curb the power of labor leaders and here it had given one man, Lewis, more power than he had ever had before. Which nobody could deny. After five days it was still a deadlock, and Green announced that the council "could not" comply with the Denham ruling.

So now what will happen? The ruling might be reversed by the NLRB or by the courts in one of those curious triumphs of expediency over logic that are so common to the American scene. Or the whole affidavit business might be thrown out as unconstitutional, which it should be. Or the AFL might decide to replace Lewis with another vice-president at its own coming convention, also in October. (The CIO meets later, so it still has the last word.) In which case John L. would certainly march out of the AFL again.

Already four other AFL unions have threatened to withdraw from the federation. It appears that many unions believe that recognition by the NLRB is more important than Lewis and the CIO seem to think. They are afraid that there will be a mushroom growth of independent unions that will cut their organizations into little pieces.

On the other hand, maybe the NLRB will collapse—a labor board with no labor. Maybe the Republicans will be discredited for their obvious bungling of the problem and a new and better Congress will repeal or drastically amend the whole nasty business. Maybe Lewis is really a hero and the fight will be worth a few casualties.

It might be best to stop with a description of the present situation. To borrow a phrase from "Juno and the Paycock," the best you can say is that it is "in a turrible state of chassis" (pronounced—oh well, let it go). Things are in a mess.

JOHN C. CORT.

Books of the Week

Operation Victory. Major General Sir Francis de Guingand. Scribner's. \$3.75.

ADD another book to your war library. This is the story of Field Marshal Montgomery, of the British Eighth Army and 21st Army Group, and the British Army in general; it is also, mildly, an interesting side commentary on the American Army. And it is by Montgomery's Chief of Staff, General de Guingand, who writes in a pleasant, plain way. It is full of tactics, full of easy comment, full of good sense. It is also great proof of the intangible qualities that make a great staff officer. General de Guingand was an outstanding chief of staff. He was known during the war to very few, except those who knew that the greatness of a commander was aided frequently by the anonymous brilliance of his right bower. Not many knew de Guingand by name, particularly those below high headquarters. But many knew of "Monty's Chief of Staff." It is a good thing, therefore, that he emerges now as a bright and shining recorder of great events.

For many American readers, this might prove, sometimes, an irritating book. But remember first, that it is the story of the British. The only thing that some Americans are likely to recall from the past war is that we won it. The story of the Eighth Army deserves the detailed recognition it receives here, for we are all too unfamiliar with the African campaigns. The entry of the Americans (with muted trumpets, to be sure, in this book) gave the coup de grace to the nazis in Africa, but only after the march from El Alemein. de Guingand never leaves us in doubt about the rôle played by the British, and especially by the "old master," Montgomery. For Monty's whole war, de Guingand has complete approval, but a notable exception is his disagreement with Monty's plan for a single pointed thrust into the north of Germany, instead of the broad attack decided upon by Eisenhower. Here, de Guingand felt, Monty was far too optimistic, and perhaps too influenced by his concept of thrust developed to such a fine degree in the African victory.

There are some terribly annoying sections in this book, particularly those dealing with Montgomery's personal manner of conducting things, and, indeed, his personal manners. I quote the following paragraph at some length, and include my own version of possible reactions by crit-

ical readers, both American and British, to de Guingand's sentences, my own comments in italics:

"Montgomery is a showman—most really great soldiers have been. *Alexander, his superior, was great, so was Bradley, and most of all, Eisenhower. None of them danced across the military scene like Monty.* He likes to be the principal figure on the stage. *This, even, when he was a subordinate commander, in Africa, Sicily, Italy, and Western Europe.* He dislikes conferences which meant a lot of argument across the table. *A high commander needed these conferences, especially an Army commander, because he could never be sure of his own omniscience.* He preferred to be the only speaker, and the object of the conference to be the giving out of policy or orders. *All right for an isolated, independent Army commander, but not for an Army or an Army Group Commander in a Supreme Command set-up.* He preferred to discuss the particular problem quietly in his caravan or office with his staff and commanders, and then spend a period by himself making up his mind as to the right action to be pursued. *Still all right for an Army commander, dealing with his Corps and Divisions, but not for a subordinate commander.* He seldom attended big conferences in England before we landed in Normandy, nor later on the continent. *He should have been ordered to attend them—there was no room for lack of cooperation.* I more often than not represented him at these big meetings. *As an alter ego, you were undoubtedly superior, but your boss still had to be briefed.* I only remember him turning up at one of Eisenhower's big conferences after Normandy. *A tribute to Ike's inter-allied patience. And a further boost to those who figured Monty as a stumbling block to Allied plans.* His absence sometimes took a bit of explaining away, but later on it was accepted without comment. *A further tribute to Ike, and a further rebuke to the independent commander within a Supreme Command set-up.* He felt, I think, that these meetings should be held in the forward area. *He never thought about echelons? And the forward areas of an Army commander, or a Group commander are logical for a High Command conference?* Here, I think, he was wrong, as he did not sufficiently appreciate the problems with which the Supreme Commander was continually being faced, as well as the number of commanders and others that had to be consulted. His answer to this would be that such conferences were for the staff, that his Chief of Staff knew his views, and that if his personal opinion was required on any particular point, then he was always available at his Tactical Headquarters. It was a pity to my mind that he did not give way on this point. I could not make him change his views." *What further proof is needed of the supreme arrogance and conceit of Montgomery, who felt his presence to be so needed at his Tac that his Commander, in the interest of harmony, felt obliged to either visit him, or send specially for him?*

Such is the key paragraph in de Guingand's chapter on Monty, in what will be for many the most interesting section of the book. And such might be the incensed replies of some critics. At the same time, de Guingand says coyly (and here we must respect the English idiom) that Monty was "naughty" when he gave that celebrated press conference after he had taken command of the northern sector of the Bulge, when he spoke about "tidying up the battlefield." There is no doubt that Montgomery was a great commander. There is no doubt either, according

to many minds, that he was an insufferable egotist, a permanently disgruntled man because he was not named Supreme Commander of the European invasion.

T. E. CASSIDY.

You're the Boss. Edward J. Flynn. Viking. \$3.00.

STUDENTS of politics grant that most political bosses are above all other things intensely human. In that characteristic Ed Flynn excels. It stands out in every page of his book—a work that is as interesting and persuasive a case for the political boss as you will find. It is not alone, however, the straightforward telling of the boss's operations that makes the work interesting; it is the combination of the description of the daily activities of the boss with Mr. Flynn's account of his association with other bosses and with statesmen such as Governors Smith and Lehman and, above all, with President Franklin Roosevelt. He takes the reader through the years of Roosevelt's rise to eminence as governor, through his stirring campaigns for the presidency, through his administration, through the war years, and through the last fateful days in the executive office. His feeling for Roosevelt is one of great affection and admiration; and yet he is not blind to the weaknesses in the man, particularly to his seeming inability to discharge some of the misfits in his administration.

Mr. Flynn, however, not unlike most of the political bosses, did not like the New Dealers. He believes that Roosevelt sacrificed harmony and support within the Democratic Party by listening to New Dealers and not to organization leaders, particularly about appointments. If Mr. Flynn should consult the New Dealers, he would find that they would ascribe a weakening in Roosevelt's popular support in his later years to too much attention to Democratic organization leaders. Political leaders of the organization type, as Mr. Flynn admits, are traditionally timid and unimaginative in entering upon new lines of action. Their attention is so firmly fixed on the organization and on jobs that matters of policy disturb and irritate them. They would like an unchanging society. When change is essential, they frequently ruin their own opportunities through failure to recognize realities.

The genius of Roosevelt was his recognition of great social needs and his use of well-informed independent people to guide him. Yet he was politician enough to know the value of the nationwide political organization above which he towered and which owed to him very much of the strength which it possessed. Roosevelt was not weak politically because he did not follow the bosses, but the bosses were strong because they followed Roosevelt—even reluctantly. The bosses were not happy at the convention of 1944, not because of opposition to Roosevelt—he was their bread and butter—but because of the breaking of the third term tradition; bosses being what they are, they were scared almost to death at this radical departure from the traditional.

Mr. Flynn has the usual attitude of the political party leader towards "reformers" and fusionists. Granted that many reform movements are futile and that many reformers are not so holy and disinterested as they think themselves to be, yet are not reformers doing exactly as Mr. Flynn would have the citizens do? The machines are not doing what the people want them to do. The people, therefore, bring the pressure for which the system provides. It is not so easy to bring reform from

ORATE FRATRES

Pioneer Liturgical Review in English, founded by Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B. In the 20th year of recognized leadership.

Mass, Sacraments, and Sacramentals, including the Divine Office and the Church year—these are first in the life of the Church. Active and intelligent participation in them is therefore likewise primary in the formation of a fully Christian life, whether of the individual or of a parish. Such participation means putting on the mind of the Church—which is the mind of Christ—in regard to God, society, oneself.

Orate Fratres strives to further such participation. It also shows how such a "living with the Church" radically effects all departments of human thought and endeavor. Particular stress is laid on the relation between liturgy and the social questions. Integrates the whole field of "the Catholic revival." Twelve issues a year, 48 pages each issue.

ORATE FRATRES Subscription rates:

1 year \$2.50* (outside U.S.A. \$3.00).

2 years \$4.25* (outside U.S.A. \$5.25).

*American Possessions and Territories take regular U.S.A. rate.

THE LITURGICAL PRESS

ST. JOHN'S ABBEY

Collegeville, Minnesota

The Labor Problem Is The Problem

MOST PEOPLE are too busy to read the labor news in the daily press.

EVEN IF THEY DO they can seldom know enough about the background of American labor and American labor leaders to figure out the significance of what they read.

BUT the labor problem is today *the* problem.

THERE IS A WAY OUT. Subscribe to *The Labor Leader*, published by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. Twice a month you will get concise reports and comment on current labor events and personalities. Also articles on Catholic social doctrine, cartoons, news of Catholic activity in the field. *For only \$1.00.*

CLIP AND MAIL

THE LABOR LEADER
226 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

C1047

☐ Send THE LABOR LEADER for one year (22 issues), for which I shall remit \$1.00 on receipt of first issue.

Name

Address

within an organization against the vested interests that control it. Bosses do indeed listen to the voices of their masters, but the masters not infrequently are powerful gambling syndicates and predatory wealth, and against these forces the political leaders believe that no popular movement can prevail.

As Mr. Flynn suggests, the voters should take an interest in the primaries. The machines, however, often do everything in their power to nullify that interest by pushing their own slates forward at the last minute, giving an irritated public little chance to organize an opposition or by making the operation of the primary system so complicated that the organization of an opposition is impossible.

It is true, as Mr. Flynn asserts, that the public has weird and fantastic notions of machines and bosses. Citizens should know them better; and Mr. Flynn's book should be a great aid in their political education. Yet the underlying mistrust and scepticism of organizations and organization politicians is a healthy public sentiment, and it will be a tragic day for the Republic if they are ever regarded solely as beneficent gifts of the gods serving only the public interest.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

The Walls Came Tumbling Down. Mary White Ovington. Harcourt. \$3.00.

THIS is a good book for a man who lives in a quiet country rectory, on the bank of a willow-draped creek. It is a good book for me because it keeps these mellowed bricks and towering oaks from becoming an ivory tower. It is pleasant, in the autumn sunshine, to hear the voices of the children passing on their way from school; to see Curly, the setter, stalking an imaginary bird in the thicket outside my study window; to listen to the hum of Johnnie Bruck's tractor in the adjoining field. It is so pleasant that I need to be reminded that this is all part of the same pattern, all part of the same America of which Mary White Ovington writes in "The Walls Came Tumbling Down." It is hard to realize that the voices of children sound no differently here than they do in Valdosta, Georgia. In Valdosta, where Negro Mary Turner mourned too loudly for her husband, innocent but lynched. In Valdosta, where mothers and fathers held their children up the better to see Mary Turner end her mourning on a funeral pyre, burning slowly to prolong the fun. In Valdosta, where pregnant Mary Turner dropped her baby while she burned, and still had life to see the infant trampled and ground beneath a white man's heel. Valdosta is far from Stony Creek, but it isn't in Japan, it isn't in Germany. It's still part of America.

Valdosta was only one of a thousand reasons why the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People came into being, why it *had* to come into being. Miss Ovington is one of the founders of the NAACP. A white woman of independent means, *The Walls Came Tumbling Down* is her autobiography. It is easy to visualize Miss Ovington as a quiet sort of lady—her book is written with such restraint, considering the material at her disposal. It is written too with a minimum of self. One learns as much about such leaders in the work as John R. Shillady, James Weldon Johnson, and Walter White, as about the author herself. She writes objectively, without preaching or pointing; she is wise enough to realize that the documented facts alone are eloquent.

Her one fault is the author's tendency to alternate between offhandedness and preciseness. On one page she tells us of engaging the great William Burns to investigate a lynching at Coatesville, Pa., then hurries on to something else without telling us how it all came out. A few pages later she is so detailed as to tell us that it was on the seventh green that Johnson's golf game was interrupted by a phone call from Detroit. But it is a small fault to find in a book which gives us, at first hand, the genesis of an organization to which each of us, black and white alike, owes deep gratitude.

The sun is slanting lower over the gravestones across the road as I close "The Walls Came Tumbling Down". A text comes, unbidden, to mind. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." It *would* have been nice if there had been a "c" instead of the "n" in the NAACP.

LEO J. TRESE.

Way of Life. A. Hamilton Gibbs. Little. \$2.75.

"WAY OF LIFE" purports to be a novel. In the sense that it ostensibly follows that form, it is a faint, not very perceptive love story meant for magazine appearance among the refrigerator ads, and for no further permanence. The romantic history of Bill Thatcher, GI stationed in England, and the pleasant young English girl who becomes his wife cannot honestly be said to be worth two hours of anybody's reading time. Actually, the book is one long angry editorial. The author impatiently pushes his characters aside at every half opportunity to set down vehement, well-meaning, but rather commonplace animadversions on war and the pig-headed folly of mankind. Each chapter is preceded by some italicized business which gnaws at the liver of a world gone mad, a world hostile to decent young lives. Better this than, say, Housman's elegiac lingering to see injustice done, but the thing is simply not in depth.

RILEY HUGHES.

The Bright Promise. Richard Sherman. Little. \$2.75.

THE action of this novel covers the Roosevelt period, from March 4, 1933 (when the only-thing-we-had-to-fear-is-fear speech inspires Amy and Lyle to go, belatedly, to the City Hall and get married in spite of Depression and Bank Holiday) until that day of mourning in April twelve years later (when Amy and Lyle are made sad and happy as the caisson moves up the White House driveway—sad because this is the funeral procession of their much-loved president, happy because for the first time their ten-year-old son, crippled by infantile paralysis, bravely lays aside his crutches and climbs a fence to see the coffin of the man he adored).

A great deal happens during those twelve years—to the country and to Amy and Lyle Ellery; however Richard Sherman has not exactly written an historical novel. He lets Amy tell her story in the first person, a device which cramps the real author because his heroine is more intuitively feminine than smart. Sherman, himself, has no doubt done a lot of research for his book; chronology, names and facts in the New Deal, manners and trivia of the times. What this material needs is interpretation, and what Amy emphasizes is her own story in which none of the characters come vitally to life and in which the big events of the Roosevelt era have no more depth than casual reporting in a woman's magazine (which is actually where this novel first appeared).

A new biography

MADAME ELISABETH OF FRANCE

by *Yvonne de la Vergne*

Translated by
C. Cornelia Craigie

\$4.00

Why did this sister of King Louis XVI of France remain unmarried, why did she not gratify her desire to become a nun, of what sort was her private life at court, in what way did religion affect the thoughts and aspirations of her soul, what were the detailed circumstances of her tragic end?

The answer to these and other absorbing questions will be found in this charming biography. Madame Elisabeth's virtues lighted the gloom of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror. Up to the hour when her own head fell beneath the guillotine she comforted and strengthened the other victims of the Revolution.

The reader is admitted to the intimacy of the family life of this princess. Every detail of the narrative is based on unquestionable documentary sources, public and private. How did holiness rise to such heights in the midst of a royal court? For a close view of this edifying example, read *Madame Elisabeth of France*.

By the same author—

GOOD CARDINAL RICHARD

A story of the inspiring life of Francis Richard, Cardinal Archbishop of Paris who died in 1908 after governing that see for twenty-two years. The translation is by the Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D. (\$2.25)

B. Herder Book Co.

15 and 17 South Broadway
Saint Louis 2, Missouri

Why a Trial Subscription?

Week by week The Commonweal culls out for comment items really dramatic and/or significant in the news. That in itself is an invaluable reader service. Without something of the sort the myriad of items brought to public attention every day in the papers and over the radio is simply overwhelming.

Another reason is the way in which these issues are faced. The Commonweal tackles them without personal or partisan animus and yet with determination to see things through. It seeks to apply, according to our own light, the historical experience and quest for justice embodied in the Christian tradition.

Moreover, a magazine manifests both warm human interest and lively concern with ideas when such authors contribute their views as have appeared in The Commonweal in recent issues.

J. L. Benvenisti	H. A. Reinhold
Thomas Merton	Etienne Gilson
Robert Penn Warren	George H. Dunne
Emmet John Hughes	Vincent Sheean
A. A. Berle, Jr.	Denis de Rougemont
Norman Thomas	Francois Mauriac
Dorothy Thompson	Anne Fremantle
	James Rorty

Discover all this for yourself by filling out the attached coupon (with its special bargain rate) and mailing it to us today.

-----12 Issues for \$1-----

For New Subscribers

THE COMMONWEAL,
386 Fourth Ave.
New York 16, N. Y.

For the enclosed \$1 send me
the next 12 issues of
THE COMMONWEAL

Name

Street

City

10/10/47

Amy tells us a lot about what her husband did (he started the first picture magazine, had an affair with his publisher's wife, worked on the WPA Writers' Project—among other things) but she does not give us much about what goes on in his handsome head. No doubt while New Yorkers will like the parts of Amy's story that are well steeped in the local color of the various neighborhoods where she lived (Greenwich Village, Tudor City, Sutton Place, Jackson Heights, etc.), most readers will agree that the best writing appears in the lengthy passage describing the Ellerys' sojourn in Iowa. Here the self-centered Lyle becomes the editor of his father-in-law's small-town newspaper; and his personality finally takes on color in the "heart of the isolationist middle west" during those days before the war.

President Roosevelt does not appear as one of the characters in this novel; but he is obviously the god who inspires the mere mortals who walk through its pages. Although no one would accuse Mr. Sherman of being lazy, one wishes he had developed these interesting themes more completely and had made "The Bright Promise" more than a nostalgic and sentimentally feminine review of the near past. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Saving Grace. Walter Dwight. Declan X. McMullen. \$2.75.

THIS slim and posthumous collection of essays affectionately edited with a pleasant introduction by the very Rev. W. Coleman Nevils, S.J., must arouse as many appealing memories among Father Dwight's many friends as regrets among his readers who were not fortunate enough to have been acquainted with the author whose humorous personality is patent in these pages. Shakespeare and Lamb were Father Dwight's intimates; such a title as "The Arrogance of Early Risers" sounding as an echo from Elia, Literary Editor of *America* for eleven years, Father Dwight, in his article on "Reviews and Reviewers" expresses his conscientious editorial sympathy and his abhorrence of the careless critic. "The Niobites" is his suggestion of a new religious order of reparation, for all the happiness enjoyed in convents with a rule especially adapted for nuns with habitually long faces. "The Audibly Devout" must appeal to all who have had a rosary hissed in their ears during Mass and "Pontifical Kittens" is an excellent discussion of the delicate subject of spiritual detachment. Although Father Dwight delighted in Lewis Carroll his own humor is as conservative as Gilbert—not Chesterton—but Gilbert and Sullivan.

E. V. R. WYATT.

CONTRIBUTORS

Thomas MERTON is a Cistercian monk of the Strict Observance (Trappist) of Gethsemani, Kentucky.

James RORTY is the author of "Our Master's Voice—Advertising" and his most recent publication is "Food at the Grass Roots—The Nation's Stake in Soil Minerals," which he prepared for the TVA.

Nicolette GRAY is the daughter of the poet Laurence Binyon and the author of "Rossetti, Dante and Ourselves," recently published by Faber & Faber.

Rev. John W. SIMONS, who is stationed in Philadelphia, has in recent months contributed several poems to *Spirit*.

Jonathan Titelescu FOGARTY is a contributor to the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

T. E. CASSIDY, who was an officer on the European front, teaches in the English Department at Notre Dame University.

Jerome G. KERWIN is a professor at the University of Chicago in the Social Science Department.

Rev. Leo J. TRESE is pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Carleton, Mich.

Riley HUGHES teaches English in the Foreign Service School at Georgetown University.

E. V. R. WYATT is the drama critic for *The Catholic World*.

Educational Directory

COLLEGES—WOMEN—PENNSYLVANIA

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Situated on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. Address the Registrar for information. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages. For information address the Registrar.

NEW YORK

COLLEGE OF MT. ST. VINCENT

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 63, N. Y. Conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees, Liberal Arts, Nursing, Commerce Education, Pedagogy. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Campus bordering Hudson River. One-half hour from Grand Central, New York City. Write for Bulletin L.

CONNECTICUT

ALBERTUS MAGNUS COLLEGE

New Haven, Conn. Founded and directed by the Dominican Sisters of St. Mary of the Springs. Resident and non-resident students. Liberal Arts, Pre-Medicine, Pre-Law and Teacher Training courses lead to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. Fully accredited, including accreditation by the American Medical Association. Ninety minutes from Grand Central Station, New York. Address the Registrar.

INDIANA

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE NOTRE DAME

Holy Cross, Indiana. Conducted by Sisters of the Holy Cross. Fully accredited Liberal Arts College for Women. Courses leading to degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Music, Bachelor of Science. Academic and professional courses in Nursing. Graduate Department of Sacred Theology. Address: Box 71, Saint Mary's College, Holy Cross, Ind. Railroad station, South Bend, Ind.

ILLINOIS

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest, Illinois. Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Approved by the Association of American Universities. Liberal Arts, Home Economics, Library Science. Library School accredited by American Library Association.

MINNESOTA

COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA

Winona, Minnesota. For the Higher Education of Catholic Women. Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Registered for Teacher's License by New York Board of Regents. Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Science in Nursing. A standardized Conservatory of Music is maintained in connection with the college. Picturesquely located on the upper Mississippi. One hundred acre campus. Served by the "Zephyr," "Hiawatha," "The 400."

ACADEMY—GIRLS

ACADEMY OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT

Tuxedo Park, N. Y. Founded 1847. Chartered by the Regents. Accredited by the Middle States Association. Country School for Girls. Beautifully located among the Ramapo Hills. College Preparatory and General Courses. Art, Music, Dramatics, Home Economics, Athletics, including all sports. Send for illustrated Catalog C. Phone Tuxedo 230.

PREP SCHOOLS—BOYS—NEW JERSEY

DELBARTON SCHOOL

A country day and boarding school conducted by Benedictine Monks for boys in the sixth to the tenth grades. Massive granite building. 400 acres. Intramural sports. Small classes. Personal supervision. Address: Headmaster, Delbarton School, Morristown, New Jersey. Morristown 4-3231.

RHODE ISLAND

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island, 23 miles from Providence, 8 miles from Newport. Conducted by American Monks of the English Benedictine Congregation, assisted by Lay Masters. Curriculum based on 14 centuries of Benedictine educational tradition, prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Six forms, comprising 7th and 8th grades and four years of high school. Standard Preparatory Course. Added opportunities in Mathematics and Physics. College Board Examination.

BUYERS DIRECTORY

★ Rate for your message, 60¢ a line. Three lines minimum space. Discounts: 5% for 13 times, 15% for 52 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare. For Librarians, Collectors, Readers. Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced. Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited. Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased. DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC. 66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

HOTEL

★ COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL
Maurice T. Lawler, General Manager
Boston 16, Mass.
2 minutes from Back Bay R. R. Station

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Linens, Gifts. Catalogs. IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc. 876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York.

LANGUAGES

★ Dictionaries and Grammars for 115 Languages. Catalog free. SCHOENHOF'S, Dept. CW, Harvard Square, Cambridge 38, Mass.

New Printing!

The CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA DICTIONARY

A compendium of the 15 volumes of the Encyclopedia in one volume. Compiled and edited under the direction of the editors of The Catholic Encyclopedia.

1. Every subject in Religion, Scripture, Doctrine, Morals, Worship.
2. The Church in every country, dioceses, centers, missions; the hierarchy, clergy, religious orders; Church societies; lay organizations, sects, the various Churches, false religions.
3. Historical events and persons, saints, popes, prelates, priests, celebrated men and women.
4. Popular explanation of subjects in philosophy, psychology, education, ethics, sociology and political science, with which religion is concerned.
5. Arts which have served and derived inspiration from religion: painting, architecture, sculpture, music, literature; artists and authors.
6. The relation of science with religion through notable Catholics and other Christians prominent as scientists.

Valued by those of every denomination.

From a Public Library:

"Already our public has made very much use of your grand book. It has helped some to understand better the Catholic religion and also the Protestant."

1104 pages

7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick.

Department CE
THE COMMONWEAL
386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of The Catholic Encyclopedia Dictionary for which I enclose \$6.00 (post-paid—N. Y. City residents add 12c sales tax).